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BINDING LIST JUL 1 1922

Christopher Anstey

... of Horace, imitated.

... from Mr. ... at a loss. ... death of the ...

THE
FIRST ODE
OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

168798.
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B



Q. HORATII FLACCI

E O D E I. L I B. I.

O D E I. L I B. I.

INTRO

A D

MÆCENATEM.

MÆCENAS, ¹atavis edite regibus,

² O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum :

PR

3316

A3A63



THE
FIRST ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE
IMITATED.

TO JOHN MILLER, Esq.

MILLER, ¹whom fair IERNE bore
To grace Britannia's happier Shore,
² Whose Genius guides, whose Counsel guards
The Labours of Bathonian Bards,

Sunt, quos³ curriculo pulverem Olympicum

⁴ Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis

Evitata rotis : palmaque nobilis

⁵ Terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos.

Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium

Certat⁶ tergemini tollere honoribus :

Survey Mankind, and each you'll view
His various Path of Joy pursue.

There are, in ³Phaetons who smoke ye,
⁴ Collecting Dust enough to choke ye,
With Elbows square, and nodding Heads,
And long-tail'd scrambling Quadrupeds
Whip round the Post—turn sharp—cut neat—
Despise—and frighten all they meet ;
Or studious of th' Olympic Races,
Keep *half* a running Horse at *SCRACE's,
Hedging, and Odds, and Bets their Theme——
By which *some knowing ones*, I deem,
With Zones around their Necks have vaulted
⁵ Tow'rd's Heav'n, above their peers exalted.

The Alderman who pants to grace
⁶ The golden Chain, the Sword, and Mace ;

* The Riding-School at BATH.

⁷ *Illum, si proprio contudit horreo*
Quidquid de Libycis verritur Areis

⁸ *Gaudentem patrios findere Sarculo*
Agros⁹ Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut¹⁰ trabe Cypriâ

¹¹ *Myrtoum pavidus nauta fecet mare.*

¹² *Luſtantem Icariis fluctibus Africum*
Mercator metuens, ¹³otium, & oppidi
Laudat rura ſui:

⁷ The griping Hunks, whose Barns contain

Full many a Year's well-hoarded Grain,

⁸ Yet anxious to encrease his Store,

Grubs his paternal Fields for more,

Would ne'er the boist'rous Waves be tost on,

In search of dear-bought Palms at Boston,

⁹ Though all the Treasures were consign'd them,

Her hapless Exiles leave behind them,

¹⁰ In stoutest Bark would ne'er sustain,

¹¹ The Horrors of th' Atlantic Main.

¹² Secure from Wars, and dangerous Seas

Colonel JAGHIRE enjoys his Ease;

Buys Land, and Beeves, with Indian Gold,

Which some poor English 'Squire has sold;

Kings, Lords, and Commons he defies,

¹³ "The Town is all my own, he cries,

⁷ The gripping Hanks, whose Hanks contain

Full many a Year's well-bounded Grain,

⁸ Yet anxious to encrease his Store,

Grubs his paternal Fields for more,

Would not the bollous Wave be out on

In search of dear-bought Fishes at his own,

⁹ Though all the *Utealates* ¹⁴*nox reficit rates* them,

Her hapless *Utealates* ¹⁵*indocilis pauperiem pati.*

¹⁰ In flower, Dark would not be a stain,

¹¹ The Honour of the *Utealates* stain,

¹⁶ *Est qui* ¹⁷*nec veteris pocula Massici,*

¹² Secure from *Utealates* the *Utealates* stain,

¹³ Boys Land, and Beaves, *Utealates* stain,

Which some poor English *Utealates* stain,

Kings, Lords, and Towns, and *Utealates* stain,

¹⁸ The Town is all my own, the *Utealates* stain,

¹⁸ *Nec partem folido demere de die*

Spernit; nunc viridi membra sub arbuto

Stratus; ¹⁹nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.

²⁰ *Multos castra juvant, & lituo tubæ*

Then cry, "such Measures we're pursuing,
 "This Nation's on the Brink of Ruin:"—

But urge him to explain her Wrongs,—

Down fall the Poker and the Tongs;

He hums, and haws, and recommends—a—

—Prescription for the—*Influenza*;

¹⁸In Summer, lounging at Spring-Garden,

In Winter, ev'ry Door bombarding,

With morning Visits duly paid

Down from the Crescent to Parade,

¹⁹His Head he'll in the Pump-Room poke

To catch some stale, unmeaning Joke,

With News and Nonsense for the Day,

To drive his irksome Hours away.

²⁰Pierc'd with the Fife's, and Trumpet's Voice,

Britannia's warlike Youth rejoice;

²¹ *Permistus sonitus,* ²² *bellaque matribus*

Detestata.

²³ *Manet sub Jove frigido*

Venator ^a *teneræ conjugis immemor :*

²⁴ *Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,*

Seu rupit tereteis Marfus aper plagas.

²⁵ *Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium*

²⁶ *Dīs miscent superis :*

²¹The blended Sounds transport their Ear,

²²While trembling, anxious Mothers fear—

These Heroes should desert their Quarters,

To Scotland to entice their Daughters.

²³The northern Blast, and driving Rains

Sir HARDY THICKSET well sustains;

²⁴Whether the Hind, or wily Fox

His fleet Hounds urge o'er Vales and Rocks,

He drives the Chace with Perseverance,

^aNor heeds his tender Wife's Endearance,

At Night returning to console her—

With Feats of Bowman and of Jowler.

²⁵For me—the verdant Ivy Guerdon

(Which you, Sir, have my Brows conferr'd on)

With many an artless Rhyme I jingle,

²⁶Gives me with loftier Bards to mingle :

²⁷ *me gelidum nemus.*

²⁸ *Nympharumque leves* ²⁹ *cum Satyris chori*

³⁰ *Secernunt populo:* ³¹ *si neque tibus*

Euterpe cohibet: ³² *nec Polyhymnia*

Lesbom refugit tendere barbiton:

³³ *Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inferes,*

²⁷Me, to enjoy thy cool Cascade,
Thy nodding Grove, and checker'd Shade,

²⁸And view the smiling Nymphs advance,

²⁹To join with thee the festive Dance,

(While every Charm of Art and Nature
Conspires to grace thy *Fête Champêtre*)

Thy kind Indulgence has allow'd,

³⁰And sets me 'bove th' ignoble Crowd;

³¹Content, if sweet EUTERPE deign

To hear my humble Pipe complain;

Or when beside the Winter Fire,

With careless Hand I sweep the Lyre,

³²The gay fantastic POLYHYMNY

Visit the Corner of my Chimney,

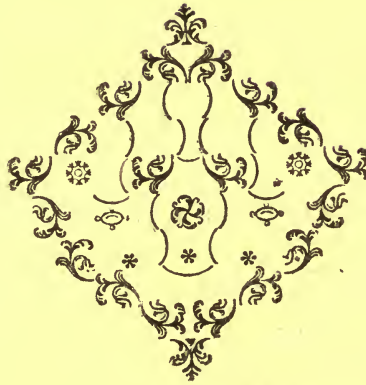
Inspiring Notes of Joy and Mirth,

That please, and perish in their Birth :

³³But if thy fair, thy matchless Dame

Approve my Verse, and stamp my Fame,

³⁴ *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*



In concert with well-judging RIGGS,
 Assign to me her Myrtle Sprigs,
 And lead me through th' Aonian Path
 To join the vocal Swans of Bath,
 Not *MADGE in all her Glory drest,
 Shall rear so high her tow'ring Crest,
³⁴I'll soar above all vulgar Eyes,
 And bear my Plumage to the Skies.

* The Heroine of the subsequent Poem.



In concert with well-judging Kriaca,

Alison to me her Myrtle Sprig,

And lead me through the Aonian Fair

To join the vocal Swans of Bala,

Not Alanar in all her Glory erst,

Shall rear to high her low-toned form

'Till loar above all vapour, yet

And best my Muse, to the Muse

To the READER

THESE Letters from Mr. Inkle to his
Wife, written in the Year 1741, were
first published in the Year 1742, and
have since been reprinted several times.

AN

COTERIE or Ballad on Villainy, featuring in some Measure
the Poetical Art of the Poet, and the
ELECTION BALL,

IN

POETICAL LETTERS

FROM

Mr. INKLE, a FREEMAN of BATH,

TO

His WIFE at GLOCESTER.

By

John Wainwright, Esq.

Your humble Servant

D 2

To the R E A D E R.

THE following Letters from Mr. INKLE to his Wife Mrs. DINAH INKLE, at Gloucester, made their first Appearance at Mrs. MILLER'S POETICAL COTERIE, at Batheaston Villa, seeming in some Measure applicable to the Subject given out for the Poetical Amusements of the Week, which was, "The ANTIENT and " MODERN DRESS and MANNERS of the ENGLISH " NATION COMPARED." They have since been presented to the Publick under their original Disadvantage of the Somersetsshire Dialect, which rendered them unintelligible to many of Mr. INKLE'S Readers; he therefore applied to me to divest them of this Peculiarity, and likewise to purge them of many Provincial Modes of Expression, with which the Writings of this honest Gentleman were exceedingly replete: In this Situation, (together with many considerable Additions Mr. INKLE has since made to them,) they are once more submitted to your Perusal, by

Your humble Servant,

The EDITOR.



LETTER I.

Mr. INKLE to his Wife Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

At GLOCESTER.

CONTAINING

Mr. INKLE's Motives for writing Verse—His Panegyric upon Discipline—female Accomplishments—Preparations for the Ball—Absurdity of former Ages in point of Dress and Manners.

— **A**N.D. fo, as I told thee before, my dear Wife,
I'll go to the Ball tho' it cost me my Life—
—Must I be shut up, till like poor Neighbour SNARLER
I am smok'd like a Joss in mine own little Parlour?

No—I'd have thee to know I can walk pretty stout,
 Since I've found an infallible Cure for the Gout,
 For the Doctor I've try'd, has with Wedges and Pegs
 So stretch'd out my Sinews, and hammer'd my Legs,
 So suppl'd the Joint, by tormenting the Tendon,
 My Heel I can raise, and my Toe I can bend down,
 And, by Jove, I'm resolv'd to get out of the Bilboes,
 And shake at the Ball both my Legs and my Elbows.—
 Moreover, dear Wife, when I'm absent from you,
 I'd fain with the Muses my Friendship renew,
 And send you a pretty poetic Narration
 The Result of my deep and profound Penetration;
 And since such a Number of Poets, it seems,
 Must daily be quaffing of Helicon's Streams,
 (While Phœbus looks on with so placid an Eye,)
 I'd fain take a Drop, e'er her Channels are dry;
 I too would relume my poetical Fire,
 And take down my worm-eaten rusty old Lyre,

Suspended e'er since the fond rapturous Days,
 Yourself first inspir'd, and approv'd of my Lays;
 Then tell me no more of your great Cousin *SIM
 You may find me no less entertaining than Him,
 My Numbers perhaps may be full as sublime
 And I think I've as easy a Knack at a Rhyme;
 Like him to enliven my musical Vein,
 A few Latin Fragments I still may retain,
 Which DR. ORBILIUS, (whose Form to this Day
 If chance Indigestion my Spirits dismay,
 In ill-boding Wig, rusty Cassock array'd
 Still is wont in dire Visions my rest to invade)
 Such pains to inculcate, such fondness did shew
 To imprint in my Childhood—The world shall all know
 These learned Posteriors still boast of the Scars,
 So early they bore in my classical Wars;

* The Hero of the NEW BATH GUIDE.

Oh Goddess! who rul'st with omnipotent Sway,
 Whose Empire the Realms of fair Learning obey,
 Whate'er be thy Name, who with awful Command
 Bear'st Ferules and Rods in thy merciless Hand,
 How well thy true Kindness, thy Judgement appears
 In guiding our tender and innocent Years!
 With Frowns on thy Visage, with Wrath in thy Breast,
 With Taunts, loud Reproaches, and Heart-galling Jest,
 Compelling meek Childhood's first Dawn to explore
 The Regions of gloomy grammatical Lore,
 Thou driv'st all thy Pupils to Pindus at once,
 Ne'er casting one pitying Look at a Dunce;
 To thee do we owe, to thy fostering Aid
 Such Numbers that woo the poetical Trade,
 Who tho' very often they're left in the Lurch,
 With respect to Preferment in State, or in Church,
 By vast Application at length have been able
 To procure some Employment in Phœbus's Stable,

To curry his Nag, and whenever it suits,
 May polish his Stirrups, and liquor his Boots,
 Or under the Muses get pretty good Places,
 By cleaning their Slippers, and vamping their Bases;
 And turn out at last very musical Fellows
 By blowing their Organ, and mending the Bellows,
 An Honour, most Critics, I'm sure, will agree
 May be justly conferr'd both on SIMKIN and ME,
 Tho' none of your BLUNDERHEAD Cousins you'll find,
 Who like ME know the World, and have studied Mankind:
 How in Judgement, Experience, and Taste I excel
 The following Letter, dear DINAH, may tell.

You may talk what you will of your old-fashion'd Feast
 That would last for a Month, or a Fortnight at least,
 Where Aldermen's Wives, and their Daughters would guttle
 And the Husbands get drunk o'er a Pipe and a Bottle,

You may boast, if you please, that your County of Glo'ster
 Will be drunk for a Twelvemonth, whatever it cost her,
 I think our good Member is far more polite
 To give us an elegant Dance for the Night,
 And invite at the low Rooms the Nobles to Supper,
 While Folk of no Fashion drink Tea at the Upper;
 And since I am held in such vast Estimation
 To be courted by all the great Men of the Nation,
 I think it the best Entertainment of all,
 To taste the sweet Cream of a Quality Ball,
 And thither I'll go, tho' I stump upon Crutches,
 To hear the *Bon Mots* of a Duke or a Dutche's.

Our MARGERY too, who's a Girl of Discretion,
 And known to most Persons of Rank and Condition,
 Is out of all Patience, if chance you admire
 Th' indelicate Feast of an old Country 'Squire,

She says, there is something so vulgar and nasty,
 In greasing your Mouth with a hot Venison Pasty,
 Which the Freemen of Bath all expected to feast on
 With their generous Friend the good 'Squire of Batheaston;
 In Pudding there's something so clumsy and clunch,
 And something so filthy, so stinking in Punch;
 Nay she vows 'twould be strange and exceed all Belief,
 Should a Freeman of Bath love a Surloin of Beef;
 And as far as I judge from our eating and drinking—
 Our Members are much of the same Way of thinking.

And now I must tell thee, dear Wife, how thy Daughter
 Makes a Progress in all the fine Things thou hast taught her;
 Not like thy old Grandmother DOROTHY DISTOFF,
 Who'd spin Half a Day without taking her Fift off;
 She'll Dance a Cotillon—make Verses—draw Faces—
 Read Novels—sing Catches—and study the Graces;

She has many a pretty French Word at Command,
 That sounds vastly sweet, yet I can't understand,
 For French is a Language so very genteel,
 That a few little Words will imply a great deal,
 So very concise, and so given to vary,
 'Tis in vain to apply to your Vocabulary——
Savoir vivre—Bon Ton—that's as much as to say
 We grow more polite, and improve ev'ry Day,
 That for eating and drinking we know the best Rules,
 And our Fathers and Mothers were Blockheads and Fools,
 That Drefs, Cards, and Dancing, alone shou'd engage
 This far more enlighten'd and delicate Age.

You must know too, that MADGE has a wonderful Passion
 To appear like a Lady of very high Fashion,
 So I'll tell thee, dear DINAH, how well she contriv'd,
 The very first Moment her Ticket arriv'd;

She was pleas'd to be sure—but (as often I've bid her
 In weighty Concerns) she took Time to consider,
 Then with Prefence of Mind flying up to the Garret,
 Brought down my old Wig, that's as red as a Carrot,
 And to it she went, dear, ingenious, sweet foul,
 Drawing up the old Caul till it fitted her Pole;
 Then with Dripping and Flour did so baste it and frizzle,
 The Hairs all became of a beautiful Grizzle;
 Those Curls which a Barber would view with Despair,
 She did coax, twist, and twine, with such skill, and such care,
 With Combs, Pins, and Paste, make such frequent Attacks on,
 She triumph'd at length—and subdu'd the old Caxon;
 Which done, she the Front in a Cushion did wrap,
 Till the Foretop stood up like a Grenadier's Cap,
 On which all her Jewels at once she display'd
 Bought of SOLOMON SMOUCH—*who was leaving off Trade*;
 What a Bargain was there, for so trifling a Sum!
 Not a Diamond, or Pearl, that was less than my Thumb!

Then deck'd with fair Fruits, and gay Flow'rets, all twin'd
 In a Posie as thick as a Befom behind,
 The merry old Bob gave his Ringlets to flow,
 And dangle like Saufages all in a Row.

What now would'st thou think could remain to be done,
 To make our dear MADGE more completely the Ton?

Fast asleep on my Couch, and of thee, my dear, dreaming,
 On a sudden I heard a most horrible screaming;
 Thought I, "sure these barbarous Strains in the Attic
 "Are the Voice of one yelling in Ditty *Chromatic*,
 "I'll listen awhile,—very likely they may—
 "For I know MADGE's Master is coming to Day;
 "If so, my dear Child, I'll be with thee anon
 "And hear how your musical Lecture goes on,"
 But good lack-a-day! when aloft I did clamber,
 What a wonderful Sight did I see in her Chamber!

*As sure as I live, there was MADGE in her Smock,
 Laying hard at the Tail of our old Dunghill Cock !
 She pluck'd it—and pull'd it—and tore from the Stump
 All the Feathers that cloath'd his unfortunate Rump,
 And away to her Toilet her Image to view,
 On the Wings of Impatience and Rapture she flew,
 While SUSAN behind, with a Simper and Leer,
 Unmov'd heard the Clamours of poor Chanticleer,
 One hand o'er his Drum-stick held lawless Dominion,
 T'other Mutton Fist tyranis'd under his Pinion,
 While envious Grimalkin with Whiskers display'd
 In Death-boding Murmurs the Hero dismay'd,
 With fire-darting Eye-ball expanding her Claws,
 Wreath'd her Tail with fell Transport, and cruel Applause :

* The Editor is sensible how very far Mr. INKLE's Description must fall short of the inimitable Design of the Frontispiece, which however He cannot value more as a masterly Performance, than as a kind Token of Approbation and Regard from his worthy and ingenious Friend COPLESTONE WARRE BAMPFYLDE, Esq. of Hestercombe, in Somersetshire.

He knowing 'twas vain to contend with the Foe
 Would fain have march'd off like the great BROGLIO;
 And deeming a tame and an abject Submission,
 Unworthy a Cock of his Rank and Condition
 Kept struggling with many stout Efforts and Twitches
 To compound for his Life—with the Loss of his Breeches;
 But MADGE with more Pride her Atchievement survey'd,
 His piping-hot Plumage more gladly display'd
 Than fam'd AFRICANUS from Carthage of yore
 His Trophies to JOVE CAPITOLIAN bore,
 Or He, (whom as gentle, as gallant we view'd
 Triumphant return from Manilla subdu'd,)
 In *HENRY's proud Temple suspending his Spoils
 Gave Learning's fair Mansion to boast of his Toils—
 But alas! to his Fortune, his Interest blind,
 How blam'd by the *sensible* Part of Mankind!

* King's-College Chapel, at Cambridge.

In a Land so remote, in that barbarous Ground,
 When Victory spread her glad Ensigns around,
 To sheathe the fell Sword ; in a Ransom engage ;
 So unlike many other great Chiefs of the Age,—
 To feel for the helpless—to hear the fond Prayer
 Of Widows and Orphans,—to CONQUER, and SPARE—
 From *foolish* Compassion to hazard that Gain,
 Which others by *fair, lawful* PLUNDER obtain.

As for those happy Spoils, which as *lawful* and *fair*,
 MADGE had plunder'd, and left the poor Garrison bare,
 Thou ne'er can'st conceive, thou dear Wife of my Bosom,
 How cunning, how feat, she did cut and dispose 'em ;
 But to fit a Description to Folk at a Distance,
 Requires supernatural Aid and Assistance,
 I never can make it quite handsome and clever,
 Unless the kind Muses will grant me a Favour,
 Which Freeman and Poets should claim at their Pleasure,
 Whenever they chuse it—to alter their Measure:

To a Cap like a Batt in a Band so remote
 (Which was once my Cravat)
 Part gracefully platted and pinn'd is;
 — Part stuck upon Gauze
 Refembles Mackaws —
 And all the fine Birds of the Indies.
 But above all the rest
 A bold Amazon's Crest
 Waves nodding from Shoulder to Shoulder,
 At once to surprize
 And to ravish all Eyes,
 To frighten and charm the Beholder.
 In short, Head and Feather
 And Wig altogether
 With Wonder and Joy would delight ye,

Like the Picture I've seen
 Of th' adorable Queen
 Of *beautiful, blest* Otaheitée.

Who gave such a Ball,
 To our merry Men all,
 And there did so frisk it and dance it,

Some thought her as fine,—
 And some did opine,
 'Twas VENUS herself in her TRANSIT.

While the black Maids of Honour
 That waited upon her,
 (The Sight so uncommon and odd is)

Brought Philosophers' Eyes,
 From the Orbs in the Skies,
 To gaze at THEIR Heavenly Bodies,

But MADGE at the Rooms,
 Must beware of her Plumes,
 For if VULCAN her Feather embraces,
 Like poor Lady LAYCOCK,
 She'll burn like a Haycock,
 And roast all the Loves and the Graces.

Oh! I wish you could see, my dear Spouse, all this while
 How she copies your sweet irresistible Smile!
 How she fimpers, and prinks, while the Glass is before her,
 And calls all the CUPIDS around to adore her;
 With a Grace and an Air so genteel and becoming,
 Signiora SQUALLINA's new Minuet humming,
 Now backward she moves, now her steps doth advance,
 With the same winning Ogle, the same killing Glance,
 Which beam'd from your Eyes, with such Lustre divine,
 They thaw'd all my Ice, in the Year thirty nine,

And made me at once to my Senses forget,
 I fear I have hardly recover'd them yet,
 For why ye must flucco, and whitewash your Faces,
 (A Fashion which Madge with such Rapture embraces)
 Then ruddle them over like Sheep for the Market,
 I must own, my dear Wife, I am quite in the Dark yet;
 But I've no kind of Doubt, she is quite in the right
 As the World all allows—'tis extremely polite,
 As your fine travel'd Ladies, old Madam VAN-CRONE,
 And Lady ROUGE-DRAÇON declare 'tis the Ton;
 A Ton, which I needs must approve in the main;—
 As I never shall see an old Woman again;
 For ev'ry Perfumer I find will engage
 To remove the most desperate Symptom of Age,
 For Lotions cosmetic consults the Opinions
 Of Turks, Jews, Circassians, Chinese, and Armenians,
 Boasts Drugs which lost Features at once will renew,
 And restore an old Face to its Juvenile Hue;

Will teach the fair HEBELIN Washes to lurk,
 And CUPID his Head from a Gallipot perk,
 E'en Pimples and Freckles to Beauties improve,
 And make ev'ry Wrinkle the outline of Love:—

“ Oh Land of Refinement ! Oh Nation how blest ! ”

Are Things then so dear ? are the People distressed ?—

No, no ! my dear DINAH, I'll prove to the State,

YOUTH and BEAUTY are sold at so easy a Rate,

I can buy you for Six-pence, as much as you please,

*At JOLLY's, at DAWSON's, or Mrs. PURDIE's.

Lack-a-day ! how her Throat doth our MARGERY raise,

How *shove up* her Bosom, and *shove down* her Stays ?

For to make a young Lady a true polite Figure,

You must cramp up her Sides that her Breasts may look bigger,

And her's tho' a Chicken as yet, my dear DINAH,

Stand forth full as plump, and as jolly as thine are ;

* Perfumers at BATH.

And why should she leave any Charm for Conjecture,
 Like the Figure you see in your Grandmother's Picture,
 With her Neck in a Ruff, and her Waist in a Girdle,
 And her Throat like a Ram's that is caught in a Hurdle,
 Her Head like the Baptist's when plac'd in a Charger—
 I'm sure, my dear Wife, you have long'd to enlarge her,
 You never as yet did those Beauties conceal,
 Which Nature intended your Sex to reveal ;
 And I'm happy that MADGE has acquir'd such a Spice
 Of your excellent Manners, and wholesome Advice,
 Has the Spirit, the Taste, the good Nature, and Sense,
 To *treat* all Mankind at so small an Expence ;
 And whilst I instruct her that Path to pursue,
 So well pointed out, so well trodden by you,
 I'm sure, my dear DINAH, you never can think ill,
 Of your ever sincere, and affectionate INKLE.

BATH, Dec. 4, 1775.



LETTER II.

Mr. INKLE to Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

At GLOCESTER.

CONSISTING OF

*Similes—Easy Postures of modern fine Ladies—Well-bred
Speeches—High Life at the Ball—Sudden Arrival of
an old Acquaintance.*

ONCE more, O! ye Muses, from Pindus descend;
And bid all the Graces your Footsteps attend;
Who oft' at Elections are wont to prolong
The keen-pointed Epigram, Ballad, or Song;
With your own odoriferous Water to sprinkle
The Posie I twine, for my dear Mrs. INKLE.

Not launch'd with more Glory, more Splendour and Pride,
 The new-tackled Bark skims adown the brisk Tide;
 Her Streamers display'd, and the Wind in her Poop,
 Than Madge fally'd forth in her Feather and Hoop;
 But how great her Surprise, when the Men in despair
 First look'd at her Topfail, and then at their Chair;
 Half grumbling, half sneering, did seem quite unwilling,
 Till the Goddess of Wisdom in Shape of a Shilling,
 (While MADGE was attempting her Rigging to push in,)
 With Fingers invisible whipt out the Cushion;
 And then, like a Pistol too big for the Holster
 Half in, and half out; or an obstinate Bolster
 (Which I think, I have seen you attempting, my Dear,
 In vain to cram into a small Pillowbeer)
 Thrice did she endeavour her Head in to pop,
 And thrice was her Feather caught hold by the Top;
 At length, poor dear Soul, very ill at her Ease
 She sat with her Head almost jamm'd to her Knees;

I never did yet any Vessel discern
 So high in her Bowprit, and low in her Stern;
 To conceive how she look'd, you must call to your Mind
 The Lady you've seen in a Lobster confin'd,
 Or a Pagod in some little Corner inshrin'd;
 Where with Knees both erected, and squat on his Breach
 Unhappy Divinity sticks in a Nitch;
 But ne'er did I see such a comical Motion,
 Nor ever, dear Wife, canst thou form any Notion
 How cramped in this Posture they sat,
 They wriggld, and tost her,
 While every Step that they trod,
 Her Foretop and Nose
 Beat Time to their Toes,
 And her Feather went—niddity—nod,
 She sat with her Head almost jam'd to her knees;

Mean while pretty brisk, and uncommonly strong, I
 I tott'ring on two Sticks went hobbling along; and I
 Tho' I very much fear that she thought me a Fogram,
 All stuck out in Sattins, and I in my Gogram,
 Yet I'd have her to know, in my Sunday Surtout,
 Silk Hose—*new Peruke*—Frill—and Ruffles to Boot,
 I claim'd such Respect; did such Favours receive,
 I ne'er shall forget them as long as I live;
 For thou know'st my dear Wife, I esteem it delicious
 To appear in high Life; and am vastly ambitious
 To be squeez'd, as I was, by my Lord PERRYWINKLE;
 With—"your Servant, good Sir;—"how d'y'do Mr. INKLE;
 "What Joy, my dear Friend, all the World are you giving,
 "To see you once more in the Land of the Living!
 "So chearful and brisk too; I'd venture a Million
 "If you laid down your Cane, you could dance a Cotillion—
 "Your Lady looks charming; I burn to accost her—
 My dear Lord, says I;—"Mrs. INKLE's at Gloucester—

“ Lack-a-day, he replies then, ’twas Lady KILLWRINKLE
 “ Who I think is exceedingly like Mrs. INKLE;—
 “ Mrs. INKLE not here!—this is no Ball without her—
 “ She has carry’d away all the Graces about her—
 “ Your Lady at Glocester!—and pray do you hear!
 “ Mr. INKLE, how Matters are jogging on there?
 “ I’ve a Friend, my dear Sir, at th’ ensuing Election
 “ Who pants to receive your Advice and Protection—
 “ I wish you’d—says I, “ my dear Lord; say no more;
 “ Your wish is enough; your Commands I adore;
 “ And I’m sure Mrs. INKLE will think it an Honour
 “ If your Lordship will lay your kind Orders upon her;
 “ ’Tis true I’ve no Vote—but I’ll use my Endeavour,
 “ I have Interest much at your Service however,
 “ For I’m promis’d my Lord—but (I beg and desire,
 “ I beseech as an Alms you won’t let it transpire)
 “ Give me Leave just to whisper a Word in your Ear,—
 “ Let us step in the Card-Room—there’s nobody there,—

—“ I am promis’d, my Lord, by old HUMPHRY POTWOBBLER—

“ The Votes of three Taylors—two Smiths—and a Cobler;—

“ At this quite transported, one Hand he did put on

“ My Shoulder, with t’other caught hold of my Button; ”

“ Mr. INKLE, says he, (and he shook it a little) ”

“ I profess you have hit this Affair to a Tittle; ”

“ And since with such Kindness, such Friendship, you meant it; ”

“ Depend upon’t, Sir, you shall never repent it.”—

I thought this Account, my dear DINAH, would please ye;

(And the Irish Establishment now is so easy)

The least I expect if Things properly fadge,

Is a Pension for me—and a Husband for MADGE;—

Thus with Nods, Winks, and Simpers, each other delighting,

And poking our Heads out, like Game-Cocks a fighting,

We stuck out our Rumps with respect most profound,

And parted like Cart-Whips bent down to the Ground.

Lady D’OILY PALAYRE, at very first Sight

Was indeed above all kind of Measure polite,

Mr. INKLE, says she, "you do well to come out, miss I."

"A Ball is an excellent cure for the Gout, do to as to VENT"

"Miss MADGE is so happy, and you are so hearty, and I"

"Come, come, you shall both drink your Tea in our Party;

"Here are some queerish Figures, it must be confessed; M"

"But your Daughter, Miss INKLE, I vow, and protest; I"

"Is what I call—prettily—modestly—drest; And I need not say"

"Young Ladies are often so awkward and raw, depend on it"

"At their first coming out, but I never yet saw a thought I thought I"

"Before so polite an Assembly as this is, (And the time is so good)"

"An easier, better-bred Creature than Miss is, (The least I can say)"

"Quite a Woman of Fashion—now don't you think so, as a"

"Pray speak the *plain* Truth, my dear GORGE DE CRAPAU?"

Madam GORGE DE CRAPAU cries,—*Wee, Ma'am, Oh! you'll see*

Von Sharmangest Paerson, I aever vas see— (We look out on it)"

But MADGE I'm afraid at the End of the Chapter (And I need not say)"

Will find little Cause for such Transport and Rapture, (I

Was indeed above all kind of Measure polite"

And tho' my good Lady's Politenefs is fuch,
 I fear I have fwatted my Carcass too much,
 And who at the Ball on that Night did appear,
 Who danc'd in the Van, and who limp'd in the Rear,
 What Dukes, and what Drapers, what Barbers, and Peers,
 What Marquises, Earls, and what Knights of the *Shears*,
 What Cook, and what Countefs, what Nymphs of the Brooms,
 What Mop-Icepter'd Queens, came that Night to the Rooms,
 What Daffers of Ink, Pettifoggers, Muficians,
 With a *new and correct* List of all the Phyficians,
 I ne'er can in fuitable Numbers explain,
 Nor learned *Batheafon's* more mufical Train,
 Tho' whilft the fair Virgin at *CLIO's* command,
 Is dipping for Rhymes with her Lilly-white Hand,
 E'en PHÆBUS himfelf in fupport of the Caufe,
 Should pop out his Head from the Tufculan Vafe.*

*Mr. INKLE alludes to an elegant Antique Vafe, which was once the Property of
 MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, at his celebrated Tufculanum; and now in the Po-
 fsession

Alas! my dear Wife, I can never describe
 Bath's beautiful Nymphs, that adorable Tribe,
 Who like Mexican Queens in the Picture which you may
 Have seen of the Court of the great Montezuma,
 Sat in solemn array, and diversify'd Plume,
 That shed o'er their Charms its delectable Gloom;
 But at what Time they heard the Horns echoing bellow,
 The Hautboy's shrill twang, the brisk Fiddle, the mellow
 Bassoon, and the sweet-grumbling Violoncello,
 At what Time they heard the Men puff and belabour
 With Mouth, Stick, and Fist, the gay Pipe and the Tabor,
 At once they did scuddle, did flutter, and run,
 And take Wing like Wild-Geese alarm'd with a Gun,
 In a moment came bustling and rustling between one,
 Some coupl'd like Rabbits, a fat and a lean one,

fession of JOHN MILLER, Esq. at his elegant Villa at *Batheaston*, adorned with a
 Festoon of Flowers, is appropriated to the Reception of the several poetical Pieces
 of the respective Candidates for Mrs. MILLER's Myrtle Chaplets; which Pieces
 are taken out by some young Lady to be read by one of the Company.

Some pranc'd up before, some did backward rebound,
 While some more in Earnest, with looks more profound,
 And sweat-bedew'd Foretops, did lard the lean Ground;
 But others more neat, on the Pastern arose,
 Like the Figure of PAN, whom you've seen I suppose,
 Just saluting the Turf with the Tips of his Toes;
 And as nothing, I think, can more please and engage
 Than a contrast of Stature, Complexion, and Age,
 Miss GURD with a Partner as black as OMIAH,
 KITTY TIT shook her Heels with old Doctor GOLIAH,
 And little JOHN CROP, like a Poney just nickt,
 With long DOLLY LOADERHEAD scamper'd and kickt,—
 Ah! sweet DOLLY LOADERHEAD—who can believe
 Who for Truth such Reports of bright Beauty receive?
 Yet I hear—tho' perfum'd you such Odours display,
 And breathe in December the Fragrance of May.

If your Head were well open'd by Loufe-piercing *DUNN
 We fhould all be convinc'd, by more Senfes than one,
 Tho' fo powder'd and plumag'd it came to the Feaft,
 It had ne'er tafted Small-comb this Twelvemonth at leaft.
 As for MADGE, tho' young SQUIR had been promis'd the Honour
 BILLY DASHER ftept forth, and at once feiz'd upon her;
 His Air was fo pleafing, fo foft were his Speeches,
 Not to mention his new Sattin Flefh-colour'd Breeches,
 With a Shoe like a Sauce-boat, and Steeple-clock'd Hofs,
 And a filken Soubife, that bob'd up to his Nofe,
 With a Watch in each Pocket, one lent by his Mother,
 To prove that one Leg fhould keep Time with the other,
 With a Club like a Coach-Horfe's Tail in a Strap,
 And his Coat like his Beaver curtail'd of its Flap,
 With a Sleeve you'd have fworn had been few'd to his Arm,—
 No Wonder, dear Wife, BILLY DASHER fhould charm;

* A celebrated Hair-Dreffer at BATH.

While with Flames that keen Jealousy's Rage did improve,
 Poor SQUIRT felt the Heart-rending Passion of Love.—

—But soft—my dear Wife, I'm oblig'd to give o'er,—
 What means that astonishing Rap at the Door?
 It must be some Person of FIGURE, no doubt,
 And very high Breeding, that makes such a Rout,
 Whoever it be, the true Thanks he deserves
 Of all who have tender, and delicate Nerves—
 Sure mine Eyes must deceive me, or else I could swear
 'Twas your own Nephew SIM, getting out of the Chair—
 Quite a new-fashion'd, Flea-colour'd Coat!—'tis—I'm sure
 'Tis Sir SIMKIN himself, just arriv'd from his Tour,
 Pretty tender, I find, from a Climate so warm,
 As he takes at a Breeze such a sudden Alarm;
 One Hand, I perceive, tho' the Wind's in the South,
 Keeps thrusting his Handkerchief up to his Mouth,

While t'other, on which his *Camayens* appear,
 Holds a Thing call'd a *Chapeau de Bras* at his Ear,—
 Well—He comes in good Time to improve and refine us—
 **Tam valde ridiculus, et peregrinus,*—
 The meaning of that is in English, my Dear,
 I'm rejoic'd above Measure, and wish you were here,
 As his Dress, and his Manners you needs must applaud,
 So much He's improv'd by his Travels abroad :—
 But I hasten to pay the Respect that is due
 To a Friend so esteem'd, and connected with you;
 With the truest Reluctance I lay down my Pen,
 And am yours till I've Time to resume it again.

— INKLE.

* Fragment; vet; Poet:



LETTER III.

Mr. INKLE to Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

At G L O C E S T E R.

CONTAINING

A flight Sketch of a travel'd Man—Continuation of the Ball

—An Affair of Honour—And a doleful Disaster.

A Thousand Times hug'd with outlandish Grimace,

Saluted as oft' on both Sides of my Face,

Distress'd with fine Speeches, some *Italiano*,

And some *en François*, with a smack of *Germano*,

Perform'd by Sir SIMKIN, who'd fain have it known,

He has study'd all Tongues, and forgotten his own,

In his sweet *Vis à Vis* almost poison'd to Day
 While He gap'd, and complain'd He was *tout ennuyé*,
 (A disease, which, if chance a young Man it befall,
 Will make him, I find—good for nothing at all)
 Now admiring a Picture he call'd a *Madonna*,
 Then kissing a Lap-Dog he brought from Bologna——
 (Tho' I ne'er till this Moment knew what it did mean,)
 I think I have felt a small Touch of the SPLEEN,
 And with you, my dear Wife, I'll my Spirits regale,
 And catch one sweet Breeze from the Aonian Vale—
 Ah! fain I Sir SIMKIN's exploits would relate—
 From the Time that He came to his Rank and Estate,
 Tell the Sights he hath seen, to what Courts He is known,
 What TREASURES brought Home—in Exchange for his own—
 But the Muse bids me now the Transactions recall
 Of that famous Night which I spent at the Ball,
 On which, I profess, both your Husband and Daughter,
 Met a deal of Respect, Entertainment, and Laughter,

For wherever we went, you've no Reason to doubt us,
We carry'd a Pow'r of *good Humour* about us :

But alas ! my dear DINAH, I fain would conceal
What Truth and Sincerity bid me reveal;
What with Hair all dishevell'd, and Tear-blubber'd Check,
MELPOMENE trembling commands me to speak,
Commands me to tell thee, the dismalest Story,
That ever befel a poor Nymph in her Glory.

The Dance was just o'er, and *I burnt* to employ
My Time on more solid, more rational Joy,
Life's truest Delights were prepar'd to begin,—
For the Supper, my Dearest, was just carry'd in,
And the worthy good Dr. ABDOMEN and I
Had just found a Crow in a Perigord Pie,
And (what I accounted exceedingly pleasant)
Cut up an old Fowl stuck with Tail of a Pheasant,

When SQUIRT who had long been attempting in vain,
 The Pangs of Repentment and Love to restrain,
 At length lost all Patience; his Heart fell a throbbing,
 When he saw BILLY DASHER with MADGE hob-a-nobbing,
 And thought he might better give Vent to his pain,
 Than add to his Heat by the *Soupe à la Reine*,
 So to please his Revenge, he pretended to stoop,
 And on poor BILLY DASHER dispos'd of his Soup,
 And *Soupe à la Reine* so exceedingly rich is,
 It fasten'd like Glue to his Flesh, colour'd Breeches,
 At once he did roar, kick, and scamper, and swear,
 In vain like old HERCULES striving to tear
 The Gift so tenacious, which SQUIRT with a Grin
 Protested and vow'd was ne'er meant for his Skin;
 BILLY tug'd at his Sattins till all in a Fright,
 The Misses scream'd out at so shocking a Sight,
 And the Daemon of Discord with Menaces loud,
 And Revenge at his Heels had assembl'd a Crowd:

(1)
ON

THE MUCH LAMENTED
D E A T H
OF THE

MARQUIS of TAVISTOCK.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

The FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

MDCCLXVII.

ON

THE MOUNTAIN

D. A. T. H.

MARQUEE OF THE MOUNTAIN

THE MOUNTAIN



L O N D O N

Printed for J. Dooley in 1811

MDCCLXXI

ON
THE MUCH LAMENTED
DEATH
OF THE
MARQUIS of TAVISTOCK.

————— Virtuous Youth !

Thank Heav'n, I knew thee not—I ne'er shall feel
The keen Regret thy drooping Friends sustain ;
Yet will I drop the sympathizing Tear,
And this due Tribute to thy Memory bring ;
Not that thy noble Birth provokes my Song,
Or claims such Offering from the Muses Shrine ;
But that thy spotless undiffembling Heart,

By the same River flows the same

Thy unaffected Manners, all-unstain'd
 With Pride of Pow'r, and Insolence of Wealth;
 Thy Probity, Benevolence, and Truth,
 (Best Inmates of Man's Soul) for ever lost,
 Cropt, like fair Flow'rs, in Life's meridian Bloom,
 Fade undistinguish'd in the silent Grave.

O BEDFORD!—pardon, if a Muse unknown,
 Smit with thy Heart-felt Grief, directs her Way
 To Sorrow's dark Abode, where Thee she views,
 Thee, wretched Sire, and pitying, hears Thee mourn
 Thy RUSSEL's Fate—"Why was He thus belov'd?
 "Why did he bless my Life?"—Fond Parent, cease;
 Count not his Virtues o'er—Hard Task!—Call forth
 Thy firm hereditary Strength of Mind.
 Lo! where the Shade of thy great Ancestor,
 Fam'd RUSSEL stands, and chides thy vain Complaint;
 His philosophic Soul, with Patience arm'd,

And Christian Virtue, brav'd the Pangs of Death ;
 Admir'd, belov'd, He dy'd ; (if right I deem),
 Not more lamented than thy virtuous Son :
 Yet calm thy Mind ; so may the lenient Hand
 Of Time, all-foothing Time, thy Pangs assuage,
 Heal thy sad Wound, and close thy Days in Peace.

See where the Object of his filial Love,
 His Mother, lost in Tears, laments his Doom :
 Speak Comfort to her Soul :——
 O ! from the sacred Fount, where flow the Streams
 Of heav'nly Consolation, O ! one Drop,
 To sooth his hapless Wife ! sharp Sorrow preys
 Upon her tender Frame—Alas, she faints,—
 She falls ! still grasping in her Hand
 The Picture of her Lord—All-gracious Heav'n !
 Just are thy Ways, and righteous thy Decrees,
 But dark and intricate ; else why this Meed

And O! since Heaven, in Thy to thy Love,
 For These one future Blessing has in store;
 Claim'st that tender Hope—How sweet a
 Hail'd be the Storm that vent thy troubled
 And Angels guard Thee in the hour of Pain.
 Accept this ardent Prayer; a Father's
 Who for thy sorrow draws the painful sigh,
 Who for thy Grief, and all its ills, is
~~Who for thy Grief, and all its ills, is~~
 Upright (I pray) in Thy Word, and
 To relieve our pain, yet by Thy Word,
 Trembling reveals the Father's Will;
 These calls each humble Heart, to draw its
 With Generous Heart—

PR Anstey, Christopher
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